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Allysa Packard

Dallas Heaton

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Caine College of the Arts and USU Music Department present:

A Senior Voice Recital

STARS AND DREAMS

ALLYSA PACKARD

Soprano

Dallas Heaton, Piano

Performance Hall

April 30, 2016

7pm

Stars and Dreams

If music be the food of love.....Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Strike the viol

Piangerò la sorte mia.....G. F. Handel (1685-1759)
from *Giulio Cesare*

Mai.....Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Adieu
Toujours

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém.....Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)
from *Rusalka*

INTERMISSION

Late Last Night.....Ricky Ian Gordon (b.1956)
Dream Variations
Stars
Daybreak in Alabama

Die Nacht.....Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Ständchen
Morgen
Zueignung

Ain't it a Pretty Night.....Carlisle Floyd (b.1926)
from *Susannah*

Translations

Piangerò la sorte mia

E pur così in un giorno
perdo fasti e grandezze? Ah! fato rio!
Cesare, il mio bel nume, è forse estinto.
Cornelia e Sesto inermi son,
nè sanno darmi soccorso.
O dio, non resta alcuna speme al viver mio.

Piangerò la sorte mia,
sì crudele e tanto ria,
finché vita in petto avrò.
Ma poi morta d'ogn'intorno
il tiranno e notte e giorno
fatta spettro agiterò.

I shall weep for my fate

And so thus in a single day
Do I lose splendor and grandeur? Ah wicked fate!
Cesar, my handsome sovereign, is perhaps dead.
Cornelia and Sesto are defenseless,
And are unable to render me assistance.
Oh God, there doesn't remain any hope for my life.

I shall weep for my fate,
so cruel and so unjust,
as long as I have life in [my] breast.
But when I am dead, from all around,
the tyrant, both night and day,
having become a ghost, I will haunt.

Mai

Puis-que Mai tout en fleurs dans les prés nous réclame. Since May, filled with flower, calls us to the meadows,

Viens, ne te lasse pas de mêler à ton âme
La campagne, les bois, les ombrages charmants,
Les larges clairs de lune au bord des flots dormants :
Le sentier qui finit où le chemin commence.
Et l'air, et le printemps et l'horizon immense.
L'horizon que ce monde attache humble et joyeux,
joyously
Comme une lèvre au bas de la robe des cieux.

Viens, et que le regard des pudiques étoiles,
Qui tombe sur la terre à travers tant de voiles.
Que l'arbre pénétré de parfum et de chants.
Que le souffle embrasé de midi dans les champs;
Et l'ombre et le soleil, et l'onde, et la verdure,

Et le rayonnement de toute la nature,
Fassent épanouir, comme une double fleur,
La beauté sur ton front et l'amour dans ton cœur !

May

Come! Do not tire of mixing with your soul
the countryside, the woods, the charming shades,
the broad moonlight at the banks of the

The path which ends where the road begins,
The air, the spring, the immense horizon,
the horizon which this world is attached humbly and
Like a lip to the hem of heaven's robe.

Come, and let the gaze of the modest stars,
Which falls upon the ground across so many of the veils,
Let the tree imbued with perfume and with songs,
let the breeze set afire by noon in the fields,
and the shadow and the sun, and the wave, and the green
vegetation,
and the radiance of all nature
cause to blossom, like a double flower,
the beauty on your brow and the love in your heart!

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose Déclose,
Et les frais manteaux diaphanes Des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bienaimées, Fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger Changer,
Plus vite que les flots des grèves, Nos rêves,
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs, Nos cœurs!

À vous l'on se croyait fidèle, Cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours
Sont courts!

Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,
Sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,
Adieu!

Farewell

How quickly everything dies, the rose in bloom
and the fresh colored mantle of the meadows
The long sighs, loved ones, are but smoke.

One sees in this fickle world change
more quickly than the waves on the shore,
More quickly than the frost on the flowers,

I believed I would be faithful to you, cruel one,
But alas! The longest loves are short!

And I say on taking leave of your charms
without tears
almost at the moment of my avowal
Farewell!

Toujours

Vous me demandez de me taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais,
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté,

Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots,
Et, quand les vents sont en démente,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém
Světlo tvé daleko vidí,
Po světě bloudíš širokém,
Díváš se v příbytky lidí.

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli
řekni mi, kde je můj milý
Řekni mu, stříbry Měsíčku,
mé ze jej objímá rámě,
aby si alespoň chvíličku
vzpomenul ve snění na mne.
Zasvět' mu do daleka,
řekni mu, řekni m kdo tu naň čeká!

O mněli duše lidská sni,
at' se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

Translation by Jules Brunelle

Always

You ask me to be silent,
to flee from you forever
and for me to go away alone,
Without remembering the one I loved!

Rather ask the stars
to fall into the infinite,
the night to lose its veils,
the day to lose its light!

ask of the boundless sea
to dry up its vast waters
and, when the winds are ranging,
to calm their dismal sobs!

But do not hope that my soul
will tear itself from its bitter sorrows
and itself be shed of its passion
Like the springtime sheds its flowers!

Song to the Moon

O moon high up in the deep, deep sky,
Your light sees far away regions,
You travel round the wide,
Wide world peering into human dwellings

O, moon, stand still for a moment,
Tell me, ah, tell me where is my lover!
Tell him, please, silvery moon in the sky,
That I am hugging him firmly,
That he should for at least a while
Remember his dreams!
Light up his far away place,
Tell him, ah, tell him who is here waiting!

If he is dreaming about me,
May this remembrance waken him!
O, moon, don't disappear, disappear!

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um im weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stromes,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Domes
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Ständchen

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind,
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach,
kaum zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.
Drum leise, mein Mädchen,
daß nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
[Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.
Rings schlummern die Blüten
am rieselnden Bach,
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die
Liebe ist wach

Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll

Unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern
der nacht.

The Night

Out of the woods steps the night
out of the trees steals it softly,
looks it around in a wide circle,
Now give heed.

All lights of this earth,
all flowers, all colors
puts it out and steals the sheaves
Away from the field.

All takes it that is lovely,
takes the silver away from the stream
takes from the copper roof of the cathedral
Away the gold.

Plundered stands the shrub,
draw nearer, soul to soul;
oh the night, I fear, it will steal
You from me also.

Serenade

Open up, open up, but quietly my child,
So as to wake no one from slumber
Hardly murmurs the brook,
hardly trembles in the wind
A leaf on the bushes and hedges.
Therefore softly, my maiden,
that nothing itself stirs,
Just quietly the hand on the door-latch laid.

With steps, like steps of elves so gently,
in order to hop over the flowers,
fly lightly out into the moonlit-night
And slip out into the garden to me.
All around slumber the flowers
by the rippling brook,
and spreading their fragrance in their sleep, only
love is awake..

Sit down, the deepening twilight is filled with
mystery

under the linden trees,
the nightingale over our heads shall
dream of our kisses,
and the rose, when it awakes in the morning,
shall brightly glow from the wondrous passions of
the night.

Morgen

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,

wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde . . .

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,

werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,

und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen.

Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig ans Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
and on the path, upon which I shall
walk.

it will again unite us, the happy ones,
upon this sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, broad, with waves of
blue,

shall we descend, quietly and slowly;
silently shall we gaze into each other's
eyes,

And the speechless silence of
happiness will fall upon us.

Devotion

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,
how I suffer when I am away from you
love makes the heart sick,
receive my thanks.

I once held, I who toasted freedom,
high the amethyst beaker,
and you blessed the drink,
receive my thanks.

And your exorcised within it the evils,
until I, as never before,
blest, blest upon your heart sank,
receive my thanks.

Translations by Bard Suverkrop-IPA source unless otherwise noted.

Program Notes:

Henry Purcell set the text of "If music be the food of love" three times, and the one performed in this set is the Third Version published in 1693. The text would seem to come from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, but was actually written by Colonel Henry Heveningham almost a century later. "Strike the viol" was written by Purcell as part of a birthday ode, *Come Ye Sons of Art*, to Queen Mary II of England.

In act three of **Handel's** *Giulio Cesare*, Cleopatra has been betrayed and imprisoned by her brother, Tolomeo. Fearing she has lost her lover, friends, and the battle against her brother, she sings "Piangerò la sorte mia". In this aria Cleopatra shares feelings of a dark future, lost dreams, and vengeance (at least in the B section)!

Fauré was a very influential composer of his generation. His early compositions, such as "Mai" from his first opus, are very well known and accessible. "Adieu" and "Toujours" come from a set of three songs called *Poème d'un jour Op. 21*, depicting a lost love, as comparing that love to stars that should be asked to be cast from the sky.

From the stars to the sea, Rusalka, the daughter of a Water-Goblin, has fallen in love with a human prince. Though he does not approve of the idea, her father sends her to a witch to help her live her dream to embrace the prince. Rusalka sings a "Song to the Moon", asking the moon to tell the prince how much she loves him since she cannot tell him herself.

"Harlem Renaissance" poet Langston Hughes (1902-1967) was one who used his poetry to portray the lives of working-class blacks in America, with goals and dreams of sharing what their lives were really like. **Ricky Ian Gordon** depicts dreams broken, not yet realized and hoped for through the words of Hughes. Gordon evokes a quiet, thoughtful atmosphere through imitation of Satie's "Gymnopédie No. 1" in which the speaker mourns a broken dream. He then uses the energy through 16th note runs and dotted rhythms of what could be a new dream.

Taking us on a journey through the night, **Richard Strauss** is a composer who wrote German lieder his whole life. "Die Nacht" and "Zueignung" are two of his first pieces ever published in 1885. "Zueignung" remains to this day another of his best known works. "Morgen", a song from the last set of songs that Strauss wrote in 1894, expressing how tomorrow will come and we can be united again.

In dreaming of tomorrows we return to the United States, to a girl who is contemplating the vastness of the stars. Having just returned from a square dance in town, Susannah Polk shares her thoughts of the evening with her friend and admirer, Little Bat. She describes her hopes and dreams of getting out of her little Tennessee town to explore the world outside.



Thank you all for being here tonight! I would not be where I am today without you and your support.

I want to give special thanks to my teacher Cindy Dewey. She has been a constant for me as I have learned about myself and my voice. I am so grateful for her continual patience, love, and confidence in me as I progress as a singer and musician. Thank you to Dallas Heaton for being such an incredible accompanist, coach, mentor and being willing to go above and beyond to help me succeed! And a huge thank you to all the faculty here at USU that have made me the musician I am today.

To my parents and sisters, I will be forever grateful for their undying love and support in helping me to chase the stars and go for my dreams. Thank you for being my best friends and cheerleaders! And to all my dear friends, for motivating me to be my best every day. I give all thanks to my loving Father in Heaven for giving me gifts and talents I can share with those I love. He is always guiding me to accomplish my next dream.